

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

*Boy.* And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farwell Hostesse.

*Nim.* I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

*Pist.* Let Hufwiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

*Hostesse.* Farwell: adieu.

*Exeunt*

*Flourish.*

*Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.*

*King.* Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concerns,

To answer Royally in our defences,  
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,  
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,  
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch  
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre  
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:  
For England his approaches makes as fierce,  
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

It fits vs then to be as prouident,  
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples  
Left by the fatall and neglected English,  
Vpon our fields.

*Dolphin.* My most redoubted Father,  
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:  
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,  
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)  
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
As were a Warre in expectation.  
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:  
And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,  
No, with no more, then if we heard that England  
Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance:  
For my good Liege, there is so idly King'd,  
Her Scepter so phantastically borne,  
By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,  
That feare attends her not.

*Const.* O peace, Prince Dolphin,  
You are too much mistaken in this King:  
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,  
With what great State he heard their Embassie,  
How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,  
How modest in exception; and withall,  
How terrible in constant resolution:  
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,  
Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,  
Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;  
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots  
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*Dolphin.* Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.  
But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:  
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh  
The Enemy more mightie then he seemes,  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:  
Which of a weake and niggardly protection,  
Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting  
A little Cloth.

*King.* Thinke we King Harry strong:  
And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.  
The Kindred of him hath beene flesht vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,  
That haunted vs in our familiar Patches:  
Witness our too much memorable shame,  
When Crestly Battell fatall was strucke,  
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand  
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:  
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing  
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,  
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him  
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface  
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers  
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem  
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare  
The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Embassadors from Harry King of England,  
Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

*King.* Weele giue them present audience,  
Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.  
*Dolphin.* Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs  
Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten  
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne  
Take vp the English short, and let them know  
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:  
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,  
As selfe-neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.*

*King.* From our Brother of England?  
*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:  
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,  
That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart  
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,  
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs  
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,  
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine  
By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,  
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know  
'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,  
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanish'd dayes,  
Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt,  
He sends you this most memorable Lyne,  
In euery Branch truly demonstratiue;  
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:  
And when you find him euently deu'd  
From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,  
*Edward* the third; he bids you then resigne  
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held  
From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

*King.* Or else what followes?  
*Exe.* Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne  
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.  
Therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming,  
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Toune*:  
That if requiring taile, he will compell.  
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,  
Deliu' vp the Crowne, and to take mercie  
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre  
Opens his vastie lawes: and on your head  
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,  
The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,  
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,  
That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie.  
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message:  
Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here;  
To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

*King.* For

*King.* For vs, we will consider of this further:  
To morrow shall you beare our full intent  
Back to our Brother of England.

*Dolph.* For the Dolphin,

I stand here for him: what to him from England?  
*Exe.* Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not mis-become  
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse  
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;  
Heele call you to so hot an Answer of it,  
That Causes and Wombie Vaultages of France  
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock  
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

*Dolph.* Say: if my Father render faire returne,  
It is against my will: for I desire  
Nothing but Oddes with England.  
To that end, as marching to his Youth and Vanitie,  
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

*Exe.* Heele make your Paris Louer shake for it,  
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:  
And be assur'd, you'll find a diff'rence,  
As we his Subjects haue in wonder found,  
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,  
And these he masters now: now he weighs Time  
Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade  
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

*King.* To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

*Flourish.*

*Exe.* Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King  
Come here himselfe to question our delay;  
For he is footed in this Land already.  
*King.* You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.  
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawle,  
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Secundus.

*Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,  
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.  
Suppose, that you haue scene  
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,  
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,  
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* taying;  
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,  
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;  
Heere the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue  
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten'd Sayles,  
Borne with th' inuisible and creeping Wind,  
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,  
Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke  
You stand vpon the Riuaige, and behold  
A Citie on th' inconstant Billowes dauncing:  
For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,  
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:  
Grapple your minds to sterneage of this Naue,  
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,  
Guarded with Grandfires, Babies, and old Women,  
Eyther past, or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance:  
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

With one appearing Hay:  
These cull'd and choysed  
Worke, worke your The  
Behold the Ordinance o  
With fatall mouthes gap  
Suppose th' Embassador f  
Tells Harry, That the Ki  
Katherine his Daughter, a  
Some petty and vnprofit  
The offer likes not: and  
With Lynstock now the

And downe goes all befo  
And eech out our perform

*Enter the King, Exe.*  
*Alarum: Scolding.*

*King.* Once more vnto  
Deare friends, once more  
Or close the Wall vp wi  
In Peace, there's nothing  
As modest stillnesse, and  
But when the blast of W  
Then imitate the action  
Stiffen the sinewes, com  
Disguise faire Nature wi  
Then lend the Eye a terri  
Let it pry through the po  
Like the Brasse Cannon;  
As fearefully, as doth a g  
O're-hang and iury his  
Swill'd with the wild an  
Now let the Teeth, and f  
Hold hard the Breath, an  
To his full height. On o  
Whose blood is fet from  
Fathers, that like so man  
Haue in these parts from  
And sheath'd their Swor  
Dishonour not your Mo  
That those whom you ca  
Be Coppy now to me of  
And teach them how to  
Whose Lymes were mad  
The mettell of your Pass  
That you are worth your  
For there is none of you  
That hath not Noble li  
I see you stand like Gre  
Straying vpon the Start  
Follow your Spirit; an  
Cry, God for Harry, Eng  
*Alarum.*

*Enter Nim, Bard.*  
*Bard.* On, on, on, on,  
*Nim.* 'Pray thee Co  
hot: and for mine own  
the humor of it is too  
of it.

*Pist.* The plaine-Son  
bound: Knocks goe an  
dye: and Sword and Sh  
immortall fame.

*Boy.* Would I were  
would giue all my fame